

The Tragedy of Hamlet

Let not the royall bed of Denmarke be
A couch for luxury and damned incest.
But howsomeuer thou pursues this act,
Tain't not thy minde, nor let thy soule contriue
Against thy mother ought, leaue her to heauen,
And to those thornes that in her bosome lodge
To pricke and sting her: fare thee well at once,
The Gloworme shewes the matine to be neere
And gins to pale his vneffectuall fire,
Adiew, adiew, adiew, remember me.

Ham. O all you host of heauen! O earth! what else,
And shall I coupple hell, O fielhold, my heart,
And you my sinnowes; grow not instant old,
But beare me swiftly vp; remember thee,
I thou poore Ghost whiles memory holds a seate
In this distracted globe, remember thee,
Yea, from the table of my memory
Ile wipe away all triuiall fond records,
All sawe of bookes, all formes, all pressuures past
That youth and obseruation coppied there,
And thy commandement all alone shall liue,
Within the booke and volume of my braine
Vnmixt with baser matter, yes by heauen.
O most prenicious woman.
O villaine, villaine, smiling damned villaine,
My tables, meet it is I set it downe
That one may smile, and smile, and be a villaine.
At least I am sure it may be so in Denmarke.
So Vncle, there you are, now to my word.
It is adew, adew, remember me.
I haue sworn't.

Enter Horatio, and Marcellus.

Hora. My Lord, my Lord.

Mar. Lord Hamlet.

Hora. Heauens secure him.

Ham. So be it.

Mar. Illo, ho, ho, my Lord.

Ham. Hillo, ho, ho, boy come, and come.

Prince of Denmarke.

Mar. How i'ft my noble Lord?

Hora. O, wonderfull!

Hora. Good my Lord tell it.

Ham. No, you will reueale it.

Hora. Not I my Lord by heauen.

Mar. Nor I my Lord.

Ham. How say you then, would hart of man once thinke it,
But you'le be secret.

Both. I by heauen.

Ham. There's neuer a villaine,
Dwelling in all Denmarke
But hee's an arrant knaue.

Hora. There needs no Ghost my Lord, come from the graue
To tell vs this.

Ham. Why right, you are in the right,
And so without more circumstance at all,
I hold it fit that we shake hands and part,
You, as your businesse and desire shall point you,
For euery man hath businesse and desire
Such as it is, and for my owne poore part
I will goe pray.

Hora. These are but wilde and whurling words my Lord.

Ham. I am sorry they offend you heartily,
Yes faith hartily.

Hora. There's no offence my Lord.

Ham. Yes by Saint Patrick but there is *Horatio*,
And much offence to, touching this vision heere,
It is an honest Ghost, that let me tell you,
For your desire to know what is betweene vs,
Ore-maister't as you may, and now good friends,
As you are friends, schollers, and souldiers,
Give me one poore request.

Hora. What i'ft my Lord, we will.

Ham. Neuer make knowne what you haue scene to night.

Both. My Lord we will not.

Ham. Nay but swear't.

Hora. In faith my Lord not I.

Mar. Nor I my Lord in faith.

Ham.